I've been chasing ghosts and I don't like it I wish someone would show me where to draw the line I'd lay down my sword if you would take it And tell everyone back home I'm doing fine

I was with you down in acapulco Trading clothing for some wine Smelling like an old adobe woman Or a william burroughs playing for lost time

I was thinking about my mother
I was thinking about what's mine
I was living my life like a hollywood
But I was dying on the vine

Who could sleep through all that noisy chatter The troops, the celebrations in the sun The authorities say my papers are all in order And if I wasn't such a coward I would run

I'll see you me when all the shooting's over Meet me on the other side of town Yes, you can bring all your friends along for protection It's always nice to have them hanging around

I was thinking about my mother
I was thinking about what's mine
I was living my life like a hollywood
But I was dying, dying on the vine